



PROSOPOPOEIA.

Or,

A CONFERENCE

held at *Angelo* Castle, between the *Pope*, the *Emperor*,
and the *King of Spaine*.

Pope.

WElcome deare Sonnes, vnto our court of *Rome*,
blessing Apostolique and holy doome,
sheild all the house of *Austria* from mischance,
And both their fortunes and your crownes advance.

Emperour.

Thy feet most holy Father doe I kisse.
Of Church benediction if I misse,
th'Imperiall Crowne from *Austria* will be gone,
which heav'n forbid: for then w'are all vndone.
Bohemias rebells with *Hungaria* joyne
the Hereticks from *Danow* to the *Rhine*,
their heades, their armes, their forces they combine,
'gainst *Rome* and *Austria*: Oh the *Palatine*!
that cursed *Calvinist* with his partakers,
those damned Schismaticks the Church forsakers,
vpon our ruynes seeke to build their fortune,
which makes me thus your Holines importune.

Pope.

The keyes of *Peter*, and the sword of *Paul*,
shall shut, and open, cutt in sunder all:

A

the

the gates of heaven, nations lawes, and rights,
and turne cleere daies, into the darkeſt nights;
ere one of *Caluines*, or of *Luthers* ſect,
with *Romaine* Bayes, or *Ægles* ſhall be deckt.

Emperour.

The threatens and curſes of the *Catholiques*,
are now deſpis'd by theſe vile *Heretiques*:
help by your counſell therefore *Holy Sir*,
and ſhew us meanes to quiet all this ſtir.

Pope.

Thou maiſt by reaſons, and Embaſſages,
by queſtions, answers, and like paſſages,
winne time a while, but theſe are out of date:
Now ſwordes, not wordes, doe Kingdomes arbitrate.
To neighbour friends, and ſubjects quickly ſend,
that from ſurpriſe, thou maiſt thy ſelfe defend.
My *Nuntios* and my *Legats* Ile diſpatch,
more forces 'mongſt the *Catholiques* to hatch,
Ments, *Colen*, *Trier*, *Catholique Baviere*,
haſt thou in *Germany*, with other there;
Thy vncle *Albert*, and the *Polish* King,
vnto thee quickly may their forces bring.
And though my ſelfe with *Florence* may not ſend
our armes ſo ſoone; yet money will we lend.
The *Cantons* of the *Switzers* ſhall be wag'd,
which to our See doe holde themſelves engag'd;
ſo is the *Saxon* Duke with his eſtate,
to thee in *Dreſden* and th' *Electorate*,
whoſe elder coſins hopes will make him feare,
and to thy fortunes, and thy houſe adhere:
Ile alſo ſend to *Savoy*, and to *Venice*,
to *France* our eldeſt ſonne, and to *S. Dennice*,

Ile

Ile fetch the saints from heav'n, *The fiends from hell,*
 but Ile those drunken *Germane* traytors quell :
 Besides thy Spanish cosin present here,
 whome *Europe* and the new found world doe feare,
 the Churches *Atlas*, and the Empires prop,
 by strength, by wit, by friends, or golde will stop
 these proud attempts and darings of the Dutch,
 and break their forces, cost it nere so much.

*Flectere si ne-
 queo superos,
 Acheronta mo-
 uedo.*

K. of Spaine.

If *Cesar* and your *Holines* have donne,
 obserue the answer of your Spanish sonne.
 Not *Germane* Prelates, nor *Bavarie* can,
 nor King of *Pole*, your selfe, nor any man,
 nor *Tuskans* Duke, nor *Albert* my poore brother,
 nor *Cantons* Catholique, nor any other,
 bring timely succours, 'gainst the conjuration
 those *Almaigne* *Graves* have made in every Nation.
 Expect not help from *Savoy*, nor *Venetia*,
 who feare and deadly hate the house of *Austria*.
 I looke for nothing from my sonne of *France*,
 for if he saw vs downe hee'd sing and dance.
 And why should you from *Saxon* hope for more,
 then *Charles* my grandfire reaped from his before ;
 who gave him all, and more then you doe mention :
 yet shortly after in the great contention,
 twixt him and *Germane* rebels, he forsooke
 his *Benefactor*, and against him tooke.
 And *Cesar* if at home thou look'st for ayde,
 thy *Kingdomes* both are lost, thy strength decayde.
 Thine *Austrian* subjects also are infected
 with *Luthers* heresie, and have rejected
 the Papall dignitie, and may doe thine,
 and with their fellow *Lutherans* combine,

and if for succour thou doe send to *Thracia*;
 the faithlesse *Turkes*, thou know'st doe not loue *Austria*.
Spayne then must help, or what will Cæsar doe?
 and how shall *Spaine* helpe *Rome* and Cæsar too?
 Shall *Indian* armies, be recall'd from thence,
Italian forces march away from hence,
 leave *Milaine*, *Naples*, and our siluer fountaines
 vngarded, naked, to march ore the mountaines?
 Through *Grisons* countrey lead the strength of *Spaine*,
 or venture our *Armada* once againe,
 to narrow Seas, and so at once loose more
 then we haue got, in sixscore yeares before?
 So thou at *Auspourgh*, I in *Arragon*
 may shave our crownes, turne Monks, and liue alone.
 You count your friends, but count not all your foes,
 whose strength, whose number, you cannot oppose:
 The *Northern* tract of *Europe* from *Britania*,
 tending to *East*, as farre as *Transilvania*,
 (save *Poleland* and some trifles) is their owne,
 aye me, in fourescore yeres how they are growne.
 Their Kingdomes, *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, bee,
 with *Denmarke*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, six you see:
 besides those two which they have wonne from thee,
 being eight in all, and our Kings are but three.
 The number of their *Princes*, *Dukes*, and *Countes*,
 with their free *Lords*, and *States*, ours farre surmounts:
 besides their many *Palsgraves*, and *Burghgraves*,
 with all their *Lantgraves*, *Reingraves*, and *Markgraves*.
 And as their numbers, so their spirits are,
 made great with hopes, by the *Prodigious starre*:
 which *Blazed* over *Almaigne* last *December*,
 portending change of states; and I remember
 their expositions, and their calculations
 of times, of *Scriptures*, and of situations,

1618.

Of

of *Rome*, of *Babel*, and of hilles and dales,
 of beasts and dragons, and such fearefull tales:
 wherewith they cheare themselves, and their new King,
 as if they *Victors* were, and bells doe ring.
 Alas for *Rome*, alas for *Ferdinand*,
 Alas for *Philip*, must he needes withstand
 his owne, the *Empires*, and the Churches foes,
 and so himselfe, the Church and *Empire* lose?
 Haue all my Ancestors to fūe descents,
 by Conquest, wedlock, and like ligaments,
 ty'de *Earledomes*, *Dukedomes*, Crownes and *Empire* fast,
 hoping for *Westerne Monarchie* at last:
 and is the period of our greatnes past,
 and our declýning now begin to hast?
 Ah *Nassau*, *Nassau*, hatefull Sonne and Father;
 Curst be your name and house, you, you did gather
 the hatefull rebells, into warlike bands:
 who now doe *State* it in our *Netherlands*.
 There, there you wrote *nil Ultra* once againe,
 and set vp *Esterne* pillars, barres to *Spaine*.

Emperour.

Thus are our dangers, thus our feares related:
 thus be our mindes perplext, our hearts amated..
 If *Rome* haue any secret wisedome hid
 layd vp for wicked times, or euer did
 make wicked heretiques feele Churches power,
 then Father now's the time and this the houre.
 Remember how two *Fredericks* heretofore
 'frighted thy predecessors, this may more
 hazard thy fortunes, vtterly suppressse
 the *Romane Church*, thy selfe, and vs (vnlesse
 by some prime Stratageme) fetcht from the deepe
 thou dost thy selfe and friends from danger keepe.

Pope.

And are our friends so few and so vntrustie ?
and be our foes so many and so lustie ?

One *Innocent* of *Rome* in former ages,
hath us'd three Kings for lackeys and for pages :
And dare they now against our liking make
both Kings and Kæsars ? then you furies wake :
Help me to store of pistols, poysons, knives,
to fyre and powder, manacles and gives.
Bid *Ravilliack* and *Clement* hye them hither,
Let *Gerad*, *Faux*, and *Garnet* come together ;
Come ye *Ignatians* bring *Assasins*,
left handed *Ehuds*, that doe rule the fates,
and cut the threds of Princes lives a sunder :
these *Romane Scauola's* shall make men wonder
to see the upstart King with his partakers,
in euery nation slaughtred by massacres.
Ile raise up *Swarez*, *Parsons*, *Bellarmino*,
Loyallas-selfe their father : and refine
all humane witt to one pure quintessence,
against whose vertue shalbe no defence.
Therefore sayre Sonnes at nothing be dismay'd,
remember what your Father now hath sayd :
You to *Vienna*, you to *Civil* goe,
helpe as you may to giue the fatall blowe.

3. Famous
Iesuites.

K. of Spaine.

Come *LLerma* : looke not sadly on thy friend
But let's with Spanish patience waite the end.



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